

# the Lone Ranger



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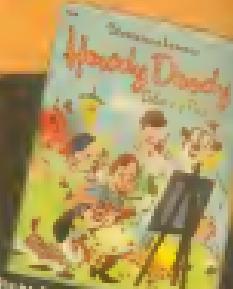
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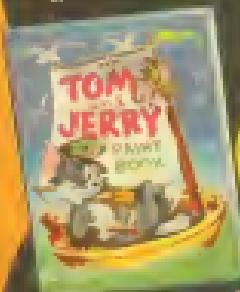
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# The LONE RANGER

## Paroled Man

DOWN IN SOUTHERN TEXAS, AS A PATRIOTIC AHOI  
IS HIS TO MARCH NORTH ON THE MARSH TRAIL,  
SAY THE RANGERS.

THOSE MUST BE A FEW HUNDRED  
HEAD OF CATTLE IN THAT COOTAL  
BONE, AND NO CEDAR AROUND  
PROTECTIN' 'EM!

WAVING OPEN THE GATE,  
HE'LL EMPTY THAT  
COOTAL BEFORE THE  
RANCHERS KNOW WHAT  
HIT 'EM!



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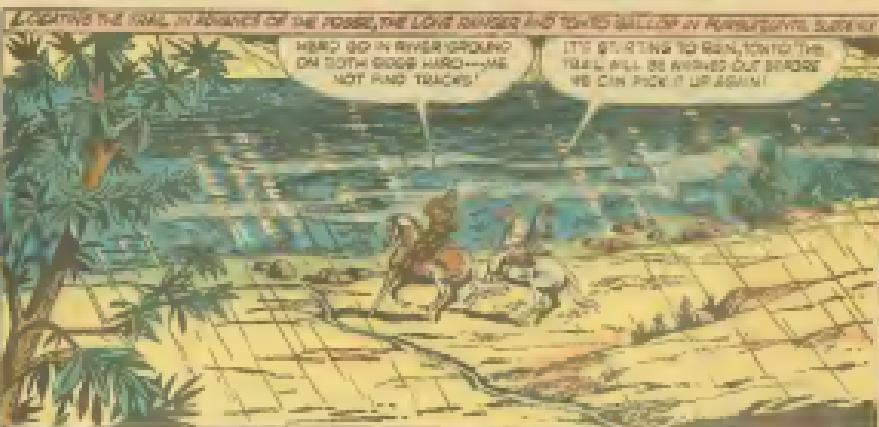
LAST MORNING, IN THE NEARBY MILE...

DEMO HAGUE, TONTO LEARN RIDERS WHO  
PASSED BELOW US BE POSSER-HARD  
STOLEN AND RANCHED KILLED  
LAST NIGHT!

STAY IN THE FOREST  
TONTO. WE'LL SEE IF  
WE CAN HELP PICK  
UP THE BANDIT TRAIL  
BEFORE THEY ESCAPE.

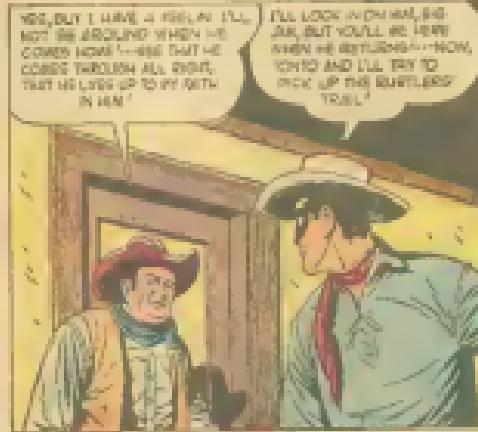
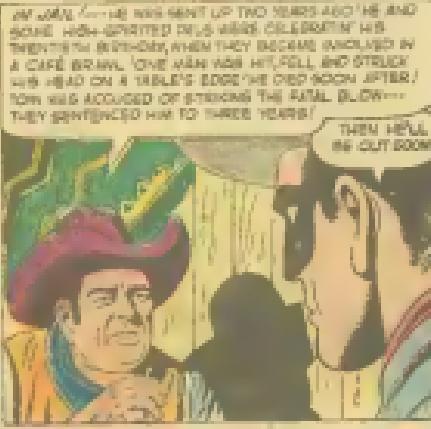
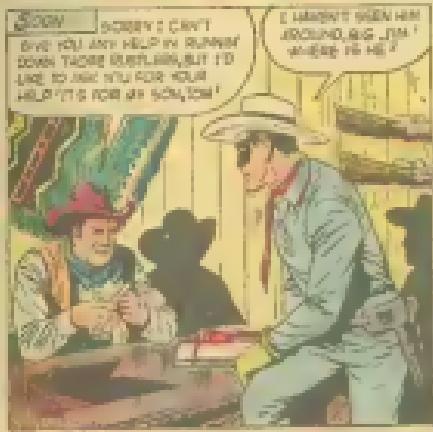
WE SEE CATTLE  
TRAIL. IT EASY  
TO FOLLOW?

LEAD THE WAY, TONTO!  
COMING ON, HOPPS!



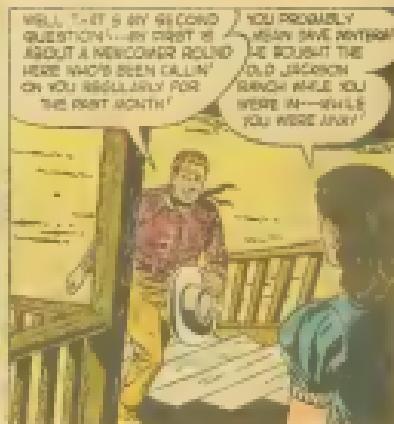
















NOT HAVING...

IT'S GLAD TO SEE YOU  
AS BARTON--BUT IF  
YOU STILL THINK I  
WOULD YOUR CATTLE...

...I DON'T CARE TO DISCUSS  
THAT! A WAKED FRIEND OF  
YOURS CALLED ON ME LAST  
NIGHT AND LEFT FOR THE PEGO  
AT ROCKHAWK YOUR RANCH  
READY!



ON, GULLY THAWNS, MR. BARTON! I HAD TILL  
AFTER MIDNIGHT WITH DAD'S OLD FOREMAN AND ROUNDED  
UP OUR SMALL HERD!



LATER, THE HEROES OF ROLLING THOROUGHBRED RANCHERS ARE JOINED AND START UP THE EL PASO ROAD

GET ALONG,  
BROTHERS!  
TROT UP!

TOM, COM'E'S ALSO DURE  
DON'T TAKE UP MUCH  
ROOM!

IT'S JUST A SMALL HERD, BUT IT'S A  
START! A NEW START--THAT'S ALL  
I WANT!



LATER...

NIGHT, TOM! I'M  
DEFINITELY GLAD  
WE'RE NOT ON  
GUARD DUTY  
TONIGHT!

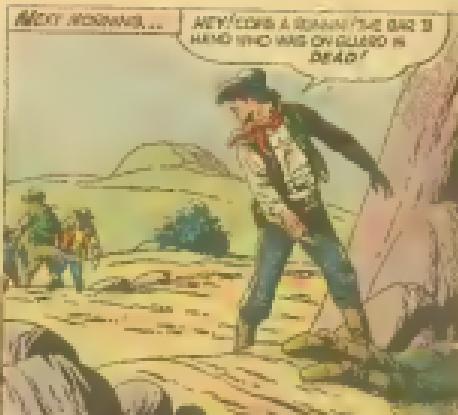
HEY--SURE FEELS GOOD TO  
PULL OFF THESE BOOTS!

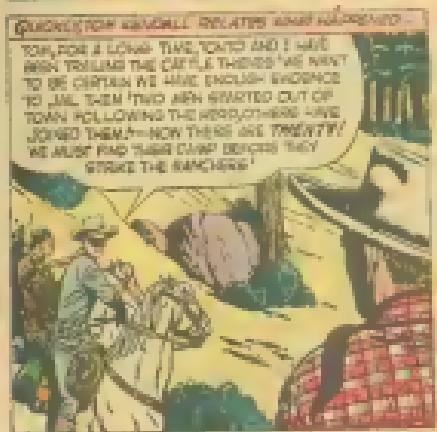


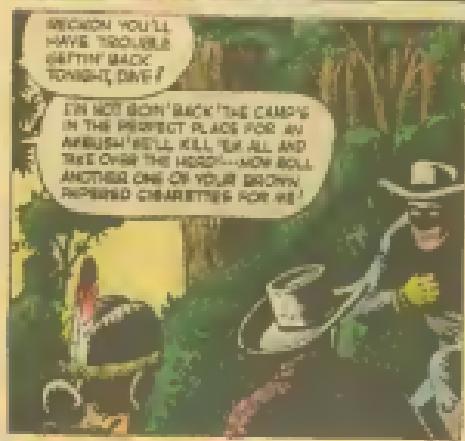
SOON AFTER...

WINDY  
TAKED?











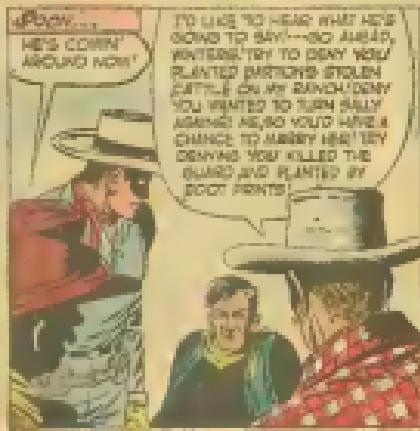






BUT SIGHT BETWEEN THE MOUNTED GUNNERS OF THE MOUNTED RANGERS AND THE MEN STRICKED  
IN THE CHUCK WAGONS, THE GUN-LAW AND ADD FODDER TO BLAINDOES...





# The LONE RANGER

## Dawn Attack

AT THE GATES OF JEFFERSON CITY, A WESTBOUND RAILROAD TRAIN PREPARED TO SET OFF ACROSS THE PLAINS...

DE, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR TAKING ME WITH YOU, ALONG WITH YOU!

WELL, JIM, IF WE WEREN'T OLD FRIENDS, I'D NEVER HAVE ASKED TO IT! YOU KNOW YOUR DONG REPUTATION BETTER THAN I DO!



I KNOW, DE, I KNOW THEY CALL 'EM THE STICK-UP KIDS--DO YOU? I'M HOPEFUL THE WEST WILL CHANGE 'EM!

THAT'S A MIGHTY BIG WORD WITH THAT, YOUNG 'UN!

WELL, IF WE'RE GONE GOIN' TO GET MIGHTY, I'D BETTER START 'EM ROLLIN'!



THA TO ISLAND, SO I'VE LET JIM HAVE HIS PAY SINCE HIS MOTHER DIED. NOW HE'S BECOME A LAZY SPOONERBUTT! BUT I'M JUST GIVING HIM ENOUGH MONEY TO COVER HIS EXPENSES WEST--THEN HE'S ON HIS OWN!



YOUR FATHER'S GIVING THE OTHER GENTS THE SIGNAL TO START FLOWIN'! LET ME HELP YOU OUT!

THANKS, DE, I HAD A LITTLE GLIMPSE OF IT WHEN DAD TOLD ME HE WOULD COMIN'!

IT'S MY FATHER'S REVENGE! HE THOUGHT THIS TROUBLE MADE A DASH OUT OF ME--WELL, WELL, WELL!



TWO DAYS LATER...



THEN WHY'D YOU COME?



AND A FORT MILE DOWN THE LINE, SURELY...



WHOA, FELICITY! HOW'D I...



LOOK, MR. LOGAN! THE ADAMS ARRIVED!

OF ALL THE DAMN LUCK IT'LL TAKE SEVERAL HOURS TO FIX IT. WE MIGHT AS WELL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT! ---CIRCLE TWO HORSES!

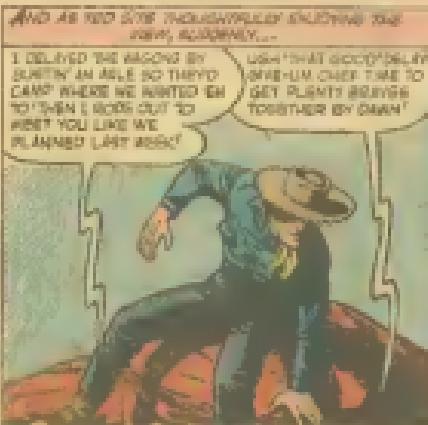
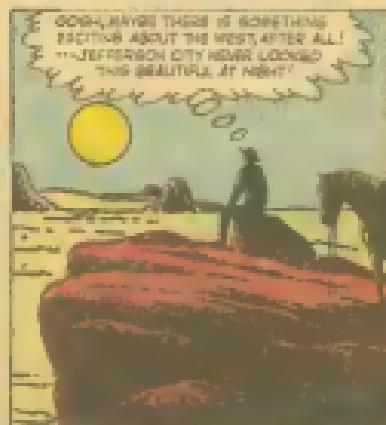
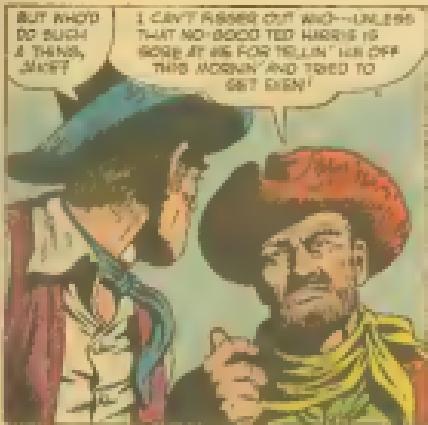


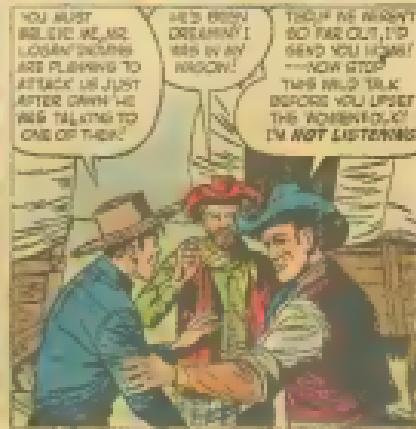
WHAT IS IT, JAKE?

YOU'RE SURE ACTIN' MIGHTY MYSTERIOUS, TAKIN' ME ALOUD LIKE THIS?

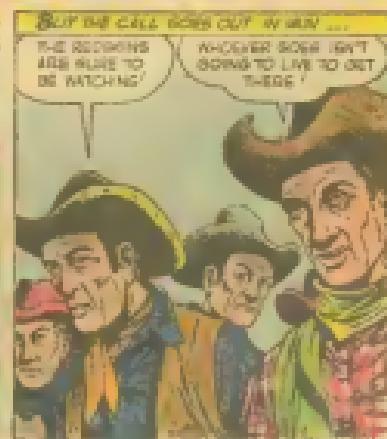
I CHECKED THE WAGON, MR. LOGAN ---IT WAS BURNIN' HALF WAY THROUGH SO I'D BREAK OVER ROUGH GROUND. NO ONE'S DELIBERATELY TRYIN' TO DELAY US!









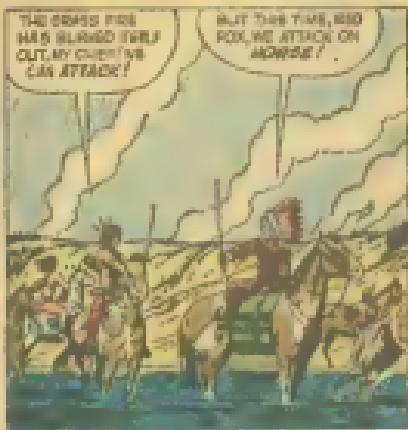










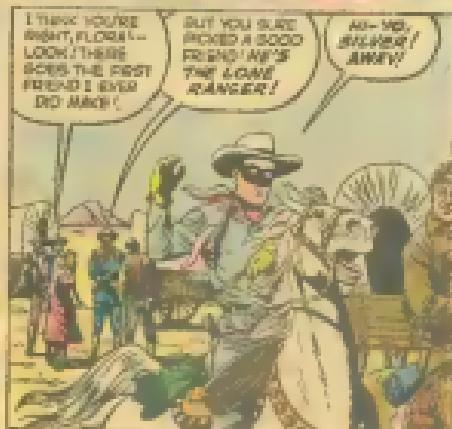
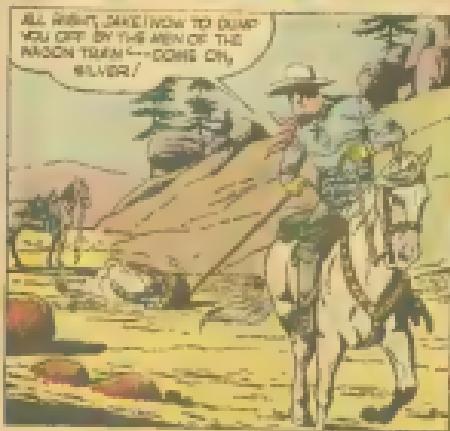


AS THE KILLING SWINGS SWUNG FORWARD, GUNSMOKE BOUND THE SMOKE AND IRONSPUR FELL FROM  
THEIR HORSES UNDER THE WITHDRAWING FALCON.









# the Medicine Shirt....



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Little Wolf lay under his cleverly arranged "blind" of sagebrush, and jerked the long string in his hand. The stuffed rabbit skin, in the clear space between the boulders, hopped. And the golden eagle, swinging high in the blue, settled his feathers for a power-dive.

He came like a living thunderbolt. Close to earth, he broke speed with stiff-spread wings. His strong legs and knife-sharp talons thrust downward—almost to the dummy rabbit. . . . Then, with a yelp of dismay, he dodged it, saving a trap! The great wings beat the air, to rise—

And with their muffled thunder came the sharp TWANG of a bowstring. A flat-headed arrow drove deep into the eagle's breast. He fell, thrashing. The fierce light glared from his yellow eyes, even as Little Wolf ran up with a whoop of exultation.

Carefully, with quick, firm jerks, the youth began pulling the tail and wing feathers from his dead trophy—feathers that were highly valued by his Pueblo tribesmen . . .

But others had seen the golden eagle's steep out of the sky—and noted the fact that the bird did not rise again! Four Apache hunters turned with one comment toward the nest of boulders and broken rocks near the base of the sandstone mesa.

By the pricking of the hairs at the nape of his neck, Little Wolf became aware of his

enemies. Slowly he turned around. An Apache warrior watched him on all four sides of the little clear space—watched with mocking eyes! They had crept up among the big rocks, with not a sound. They were so sure of him that they held their bows carefully—daring him to run, and be shot!

Little Wolf's thoughts flashed like eagles' wings. He leaped, low and straight. At the nearest Apache!

Before the startled warrior could whip out his knife, Little Wolf's bow caught him, spear-like, in the notch above the breastbone. It barely broke the skin, but it hurt, savagely. As the Apache bent forward, choking, Little Wolf poised him in a long dive that matched the arrow hunting above his head.

He knew of just one place he might reach—a cougar's den in the base of the mesa's wall. It might be occupied, now—but he would have to risk that. Bending low, he covered the twenty yards of open talus slope like a road runner. An arrow nicked his arm . . . then the den's low entrance swallowed him.

A splitting snarl from the darkness of the den sent the first real chill of fear down Little Wolf's spine. He was still blinded by the outdoor light. If the cougar should jump him now—

But she did not. In a moment his eyes adjusted themselves to the gloom. He saw the tawny cat crouched at the other side of the

den, which widened, cave-like, beyond the entrance. At the rear of the cave an irregular black hole showed, the size of a buffalo's head. If he could reach that, and crawl through—

An Apache face showed briefly in the entrance. The cougar snarled again, and it disappeared. Little Wolf got an inspiration.

He drew a BLUNT headed arrow from his quiver, fitted it to the string of his bow, and moved toward the cave's rear. The cougar crouched, hissing, ready to leap at him. He moved again—not directly toward her, but toward the rear, hugging the wall. He drew his bowstring to his ear . . .

SCRROWWW—!

As the cougar leaped, armed paws reaching, he drove the blunt arrow straight at her nose!

It partly stunned her—for a second. And that was all Little Wolf needed. He reached the hole at the rear—slipped through An Apache, poking his head into the entrance, lost an ear to the angry cat, and retreated, yelling.

Little Wolf looked around him. He was in a small cavern, dimly lighted through a narrow crack that breasted the need's wall somewhere above. At one side lay a little pile of white bones, Human bones!

Little Wolf did not go near them—but something on the other side of the cove interested him. Something like a dusty pumpkin shell!



It was heavy, though—and hard as stone it rang solidly on the stone floor as he set it down. Marveling, Little Wolf turned from the steel helmet of the long-dead Spanish Conquistador, and picked up a shirt of chain mail. At least this was recognizable as a garment. He tried it on. It was too big for him, and its links were made of stone-like rings. But a shirt like this would be strong enough to stop an arrow!

Little Wolf got another idea. He put on the old helmet, and picked up the heavy Spanish sword—still unrustled in the cove's dry air. He crawled through into the outer cove. . . .

Clank . . . clank . . . clank . . .

The cougar gave one terrified squall and shot out of the cove. Slowly, Little Wolf followed. Clank . . . clank . . . clank, clank!

An arrow clanged against his helmet, and fell with a broken point. Another thumped against his mail shirt, and dropped.

Clank . . . clank . . . clank. . . . A strange sound—a strange sight—a strange figure, un-horned by arrows!

With a howl of fear, the nearest Apache fled. And the others followed him.

Little Wolf returned to the inner cove. Carefully he placed the old armor where it had lain.

"It is a strong shirt—strong medicine!" he whispered. "I will leave it here. . . . Some day I may need to wear it again!"

# YOUNG HAWK

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THERE'S A BEAR IN THAT POOL---I TOLD YOU I STEPPED ON ONE, YOUNG HAWK!

HUH? I THOUGHT I HEARD A GROWL, LITTLE BUCK---BUT THE STEAM IS SO THICK---

YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK, AFTER LONG WANDERINGS, HAVE COME INTO THE GEYSER AND BOILING SPRING REGION OF WHAT WOULD BE KNOWN CENTURIES LATER AS YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

HE WAS A BIG ONE---OL' TOO, I THINK. PERHAPS HE WAS SOAKING HIS OLD, ACHING JOINTS IN THE HOT WATER. ANYHOW I COULDN'T SEE HIM, FOR THE STEAM --- UNTIL I STEPPED ON HIM!

THERE HE IS! THE STEAM HAS LIFTED---SEE?

YI-YAUK! YI-YAUK!

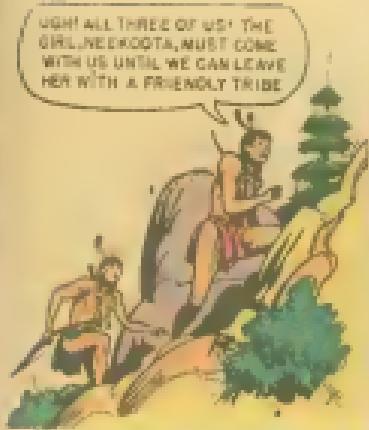
YOU ARE RIGHT, LITTLE BUCK! ME'D HAVE CAUGHT YOU IF YOU HADN'T DIVED.

AAARGH!

WELL---THIS WOULD BE A POOR CAMPING PLACE---WITH A GROUCHY OL' BEAR HANGING AROUND AND KILLING A GRIZZLY IS NEVER EASY.

WE CAN LOOK FOR A CAMPING PLACE AFTER WE FIND THE BEST NAT' OUT OF THESE MOUNTAINS! BEFORE SNOW FLIES, HE MUST REACH WARMER COUNTRY.

ALL THREE OF US?





ANOTHER TAUNTING WHISTLE IS  
TUMBLEWEED'S ONLY REWARD...



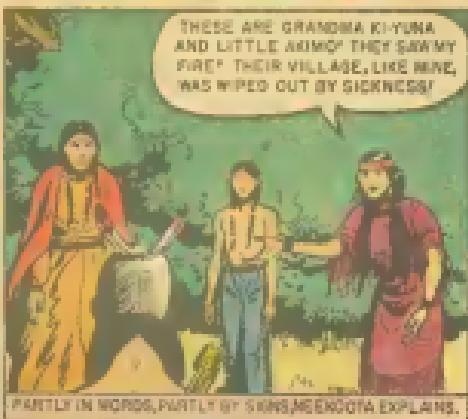
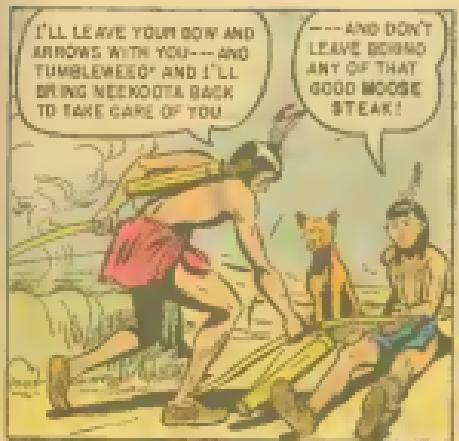
BUT THE LITTLE BOY'S HASTE HAS BROUGHT DISASTER!

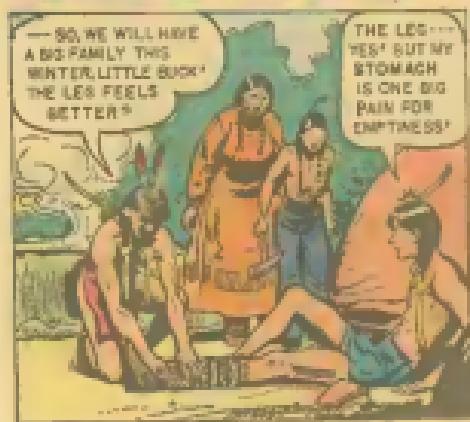
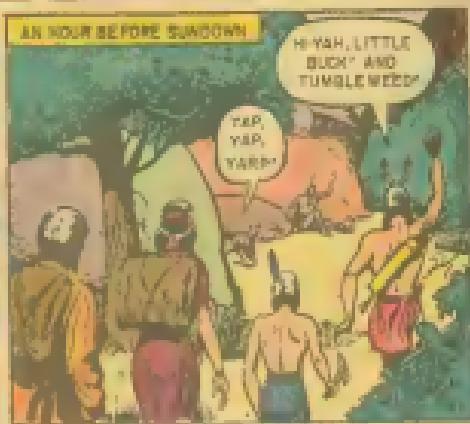
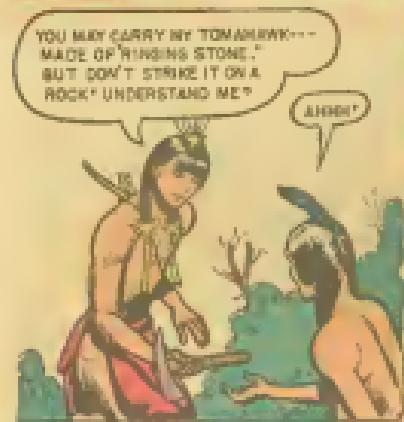


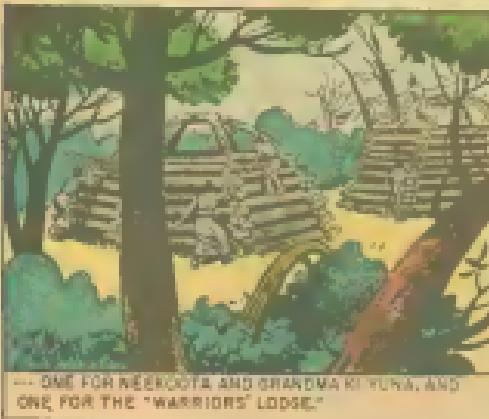
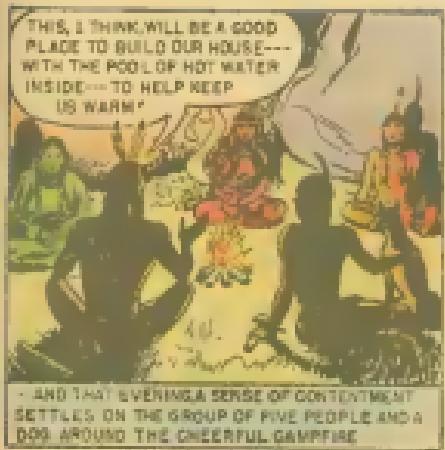
I HAVE MADE THE BONES  
STRAIGHT---AND WITH THESE  
SPLINTS TO HOLD THEM---  
THEY WILL HEAL THAT WAY!

EEE-UH! YUH!







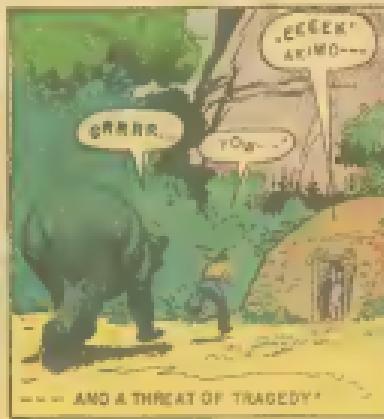




HOWEVER, BY THE TIME THE HOUSES ARE FINISHED, LITTLE BUCK'S LEG IS COMPLETELY MENDED, AND HIS GOOD HUMOR HAS RETURNED.



BUT, ONE DAY, THE SCENT OF DRYING VENISON BRINGS A BLACK BEAR TO RAID IT.





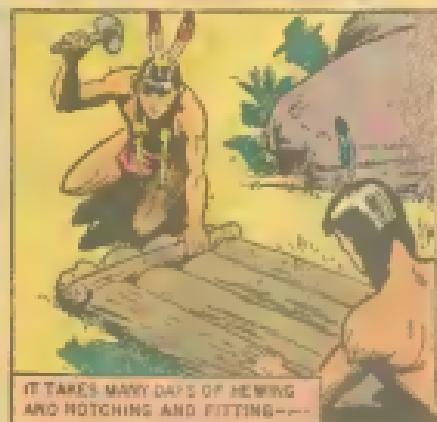
GRANDMA AND YOUNG BOY THREW HOT WATER FROM THE SPRING INSIDE THE HOUSE FILLE THE BEAR'S MOUTH.

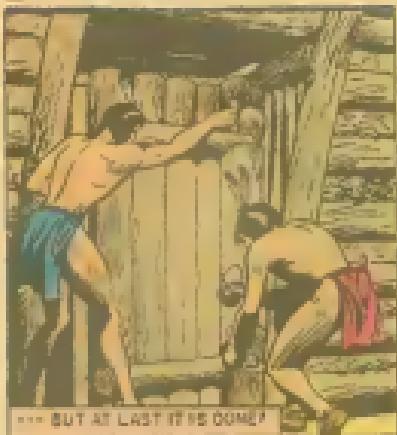


THE BLACK MARAUDER WANTS NO MORE OF THAT! WITH HIS TONGUE HANGING OUT TO COOL IT, HE HEADS FOR TALL TIMBER.



WHEN YOUNG BUCK AND LITTLE BUCK RETURN, THEY HEAR THE STORY--WITH NOTHING LEFT OUT!





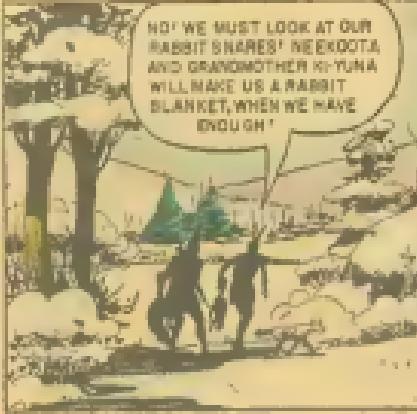
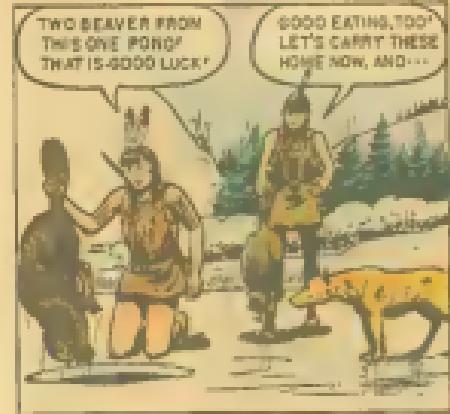
... BUT AT LAST IT IS DONE!



AND WHEN THE NEXT NIGHT, MOONLIT NIGHT BRINGS THE WOLF PACK HOWLING ITS HUNGER



AT YOUNG HAWK'S INSISTENCE, THE TWO YOUTHS AND TURNLEWEED SET OUT MORE TRAP LINES





AS THEY ENTER THE WOODS WHERE  
THEIR RABBITSHARES ARE SET,  
YOUNG HAWK SIGNALS, STOP!



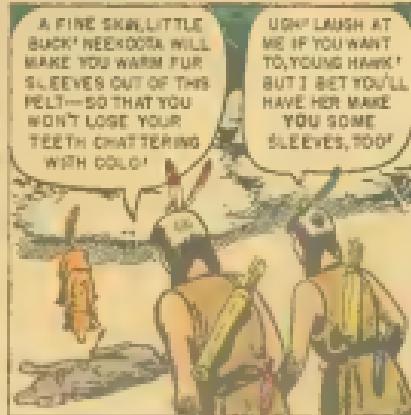
NOT FIFTY YARDS AWAY, A WOLF IS LEAPING  
HIGH---TRYING TO CATCH THE FOOT OF A  
SHARED RABBIT THAT DANGLES FROM A  
SAPLING SPRING



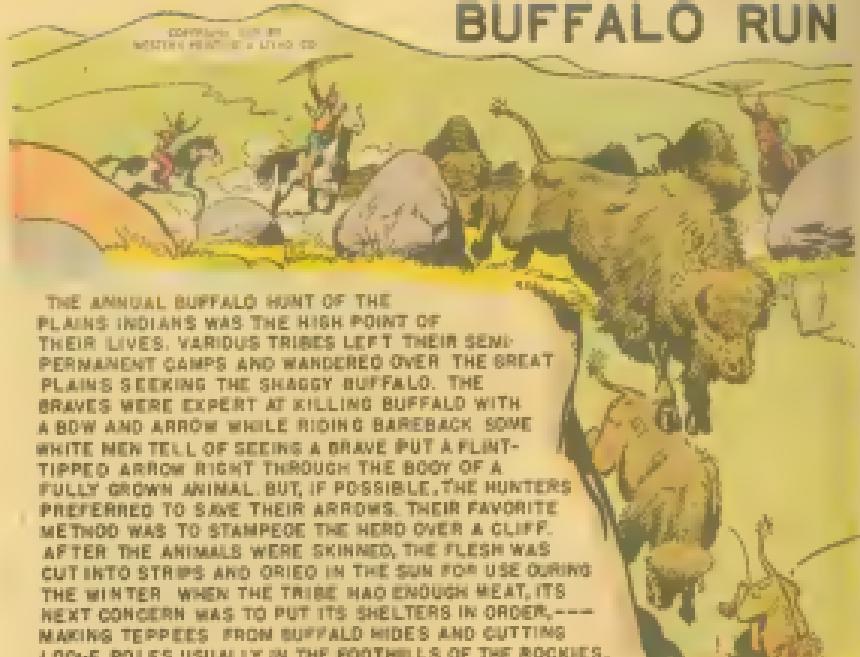
JUST AS ITS LEAN JAWS CLOSE ON THE  
FROZEN BUNNY-----



YOUNG HAWK'S BOWSTRING HUMS ---AND A HARD-  
DRIVEN ARROW PIERCES THE RAIDERS HEART.



# BUFFALO RUN



THE ANNUAL BUFFALO HUNT OF THE PLAINS INDIANS WAS THE HIGH POINT OF THEIR LIVES. VARIOUS TRIBES LEFT THEIR SEMI-PERMANENT CAMPS AND WANDERED OVER THE GREAT PLAINS SEEKING THE SHAGGY BUFFALO. THE BRAVES WERE EXPERT AT KILLING BUFFALO WITH A BOW AND ARROW WHILE RIDING BAREBACK. SOME WHITE MEN TELL OF SEEING A BRAVE PUT A FLINT-TIPPED ARROW RIGHT THROUGH THE BODY OF A FULLY GROWN ANIMAL. BUT, IF POSSIBLE, THE HUNTERS PREFERRED TO SAVE THEIR ARROWS. THEIR FAVORITE METHOD WAS TO STAMPEDE THE HERD OVER A CLIFF. AFTER THE ANIMALS WERE SKINNED, THE FLESH WAS CUT INTO STRIPS AND DRIED IN THE SUN FOR USE DURING THE WINTER WHEN THE TRIBE HAD ENOUGH MEAT. ITS NEXT CONCERN WAS TO PUT ITS SHELTERS IN ORDER,---MAKING TEPPÉES FROM BUFFALO HIDES AND CUTTING LOOKE POLES, USUALLY IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKIES.

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Lone Ranger

New Fossils

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Gene Autry

# "SPARK UP if you want to be a Catcher!"

SAID "YOGI" BERRA.

Star Catcher, New York Yankees

"YOGI" BERRA SHOWED ME A CHAMPION CATCHER NEEDS PLENTY OF SKILL — BUT SPARK IS REALLY IMPORTANT TOO!



GET BETWEEN THE RUNNER AND THE PLATE LIKE I SHOWED YOU. YOU GOTTA HAVE MORE SPARK, TOO!

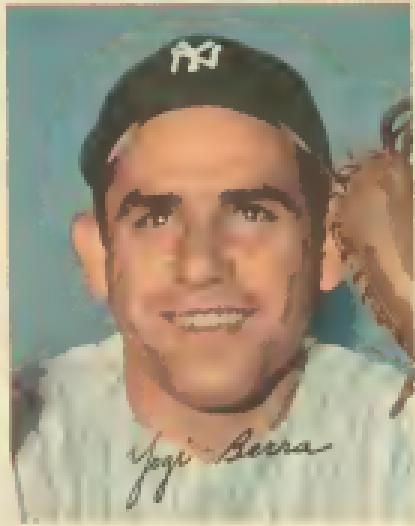
GET PROPER REST AND FOOD! BREAKFAST IS IMPORTANT SO I CHOOSE ENERGY FOODS LIKE WHEATIES. I COUNT ON THEM FOR SPARK!

I SURE LIKE WHEATIES!



NOW YOU'RE SPARKIN'!

GOT HIM! WHEATIES REALLY HELP ME SPARK!



## SPARK UP WITH WHEATIES!

"Breakfast of Champions"

THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE



- WHOLE WHEAT FOR GROWTH
- WHOLE WHEAT FOR STAMINA
- WHOLE WHEAT FOR RED BLOOD